ASSASSINATION OF ABRAHAM LINCOLN,

PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES:

A SERMON

PREACHED ON THE MORNING OF EASTER SUNDAY, APRIL 16TH, 1865,

IN ST. JAMES CHURCH, BRISTOL, PA.,

BY THE REV. JOHN H. DRUMM, M. D.,

RECTOR OF THE PARISH.

WM. BACHE, PRINTER,

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BRISTOL, PA., APRIL 20, 1865.

REV'D AND DEAR SIR:

In behalf of the Vestry and congregation of your Church, I have the honor to request a copy, for publication, of your sermon delivered on the 16th instant, in reference to the assassination of our late President, ABRAHAM LINCOLN, whose untimely and cruel death is now so deeply lamented by all loyal and true-hearted Americans.

Truly your very obed't serv't,

W. R. MONTGOMERY.

REV. J. H. DRUMM,
Rector of St. James' Church, Bristol.

PARSONAGE, BRISTOL, APRIL 21, 1865.

MY DEAR SIR:

It affords me great pleasure to comply with the request you make in behalf of the Vestry and congregation of St. James, although I am well aware that the discourse you ask for possesses no special merit. It was written in great haste, at a late hour on the night before its delivery, and while I was yet suffering from the shock produced by the sad intelligence. But as it was the first address our people had heard on the all-engrossing topic, and as it seemed to express the common feeling, they naturally enough judged of it more highly than it deserved.

The manuscript accompanies this note.

Believe me, dear Sir, very sincerely yours,

JOHN H. DRUMM.

TO GENERAL MONTGOMERY.

MURDER OF PRESIDENT LINCOLN.

A Sermon preached on the Morning of Easter Sunday, April 16th, 1865, in St. James' Church, Bristol, Pa., by the Rector, Rev. John H. Drumm, M. D.

2d Samuel, iii: 38. "Know ye not that there is a prince, and a great man, fallen this day in Israel?"

When we last met for morning worship in this Church, it was to commemorate the murder of the Lord Jesus Christ—it was to contemplate the sad scenes at Gethsemane and Golgotha—and to grieve over the sufferings of Him who there bore the burden of our sins and died for our salvation. But we hoped soon to have more joyous themes for meditation and discourse. We expected that on this day, as usual, we should emerge from the gloom and sorrow of the 'Passion-week,' and rejoice in the fact and the lessons of the Saviour's resurrection.—These hopes have all been disappointed.

Even during the season of Lent we had ample cause for satisfaction and public thanksgiving. The kind hand of our merciful God had been over us for good. Cities and strongholds hitherto held by the rebels had been wrung from them, and the armies that for four years had been their boast and the sole strength of their cause, had been defeated in many encounters, and scattered to the winds. The so-called "cradle of rebellion" had received our soldiery, and over the ruins of its ever memorable Fort the once insulted flag was raised to its

old place of pride. Richmond, the very heart and centre of the military despotism which called itself "the government" of the revolted States, had also fallen into our hands. The chief conspirators themselves were ignominiously hiding from the power they had dared—they were seeking a temporary shelter in some obscure place farther south. In that city which they had called their "Capital," and where they had gathered all their strength, the Chief Magistrate of the United States had been welcomed as a deliverer! In the very building from which the always false and boastful messages and manifestos of the rebel leader had been issued, *he* had received visits of respect and congratulation, and had spoken, (as was his wont,) words of tenderness and hope. There was much, then, for which it became us to rejoice; much for which we should have sung Te Deums and offered hearty thanksgivings to our Almighty Helper. But we were unwilling to break the stillness of the solemn day of the Cross, with the clangor of joy bells or the roar of cannon. The causes for rejoicing were great enough to prevent the feeling from evaporating, so our public celebration was deferred until this Sunday should be past. Even in it we expected to indulge in every manifestation of gladness that would not be inconsistent with its sanctity. Praise and thanksgiving were to have been offered up here, not only for the glorious triumph gained as at this time by Christ over the powers of hell and the grave, but also for that which He had granted to us over our unnatural enemies, and for the prospect of a speedy, a safe and an honorable peace. This Sabbath was to have been a high day; we trusted that no cloud would dim the brightness of its sun; we believed that no cause of gloom would mar our Easter joy.

Alas! alas! how different is the fact. I see before me no happy, beaming faces. I see no tokens of a people's joy. There indeed stands ready the table of our Lord, furnished with the most precious banquet ever provided

for the use of man; and on that table of blessing no earthly events ought ever to cast a shadow. It is always a gladsome sight—it speaks only of welcome and of comfort. But it has nothing to do with temporal triumphs; it is not an exponent of popular feeling—but of Christian faith and gratitude. And it is in no wise different to-day from what it is on other occasions of Holy Communion. So that *there* there is no special indication of rejoicing; there is nothing betokening even the importance attached to this season. In this Church there would not be a single thing free from the shade of melancholy were it not that, to prevent our wholly forgetting what day it is—to prevent our having all comfort crushed out of our hearts—I have suffered flowers to be placed here to preach to you of the Resurrection—to say, "God restores that which he takes away;—God is ever mindful of his people!" And while those pure and lovely blossoms, born from the clay so lately cold and bare beneath the wintry blast, tell us of life from death, we have these sad trappings and weeds of woe reminding us that death will come in the very midst of life.

Our Christian sanctuaries would not be draped in such a manner, especially at such a time as this, for an ordinary victim of the great destroyer. These hangings, then, do not testify to any slight or merely local loss. They indicate our full participation in that great sorrow which to-day swells the heart of over twenty millions of people.—They tell that a prince and a great man hath fallen in our Israel.

Abraham Lincoln is dead! The wise, the patient, the good man, whom the Lord raised up to guide our "ship of State" through the shoals and whirlpools upon which the ruthless hands of rebels drove her, is no more! Never again shall his genial words and generous acts give comfort to the sorrowing, or hope to the faint-hearted. Never again shall his earnest utterances win us from the rash

conclusions of prejudice or excitement to those becoming men who have at once great interests to defend and consciences to keep. He who for four long years has borne the grievous load of a nation's cares in its time of greatest peril—who never spared himself in its service—and who rejoiced only when he felt that *it* could rejoice with him, will never more thrill our hearts with announcements of victory, or in our name offer thanks to those who, under GOD, have been the means of gaining it. We shall never read his name again save in the page of history, or in the eulogies of a grateful people. The well known form and face of the Great Commoner will never more be seen in street, or cabinet, or camp.

This of itself, my brethren, would be a cause of deep grief to every loyal and honest heart. Not merely to those who agreed with him in opinion, but to *all* who are not base and worthless: for however much in the heat of party strife men may have opposed and ridiculed Abraham Lincoln, it was impossible for any one with human feelings and conscience not to respect and admire the man who in these days of corruption and falsity could keep his integrity—who could be so uniformly fair and kind to all, and who was so happily endowed that in him the prudence and sagacity of a statesman were united to the guilelessness of a child. If, then, he had died the common death of all men—if disease had carried him off in peace, affording him time to bequeath some parting counsels to us—to take his leave of those he loved—or even to compose his thoughts and breathe a prayer before he entered the eternal world,—it would have been a bereavement so sad that our sorrow would have at least equalled that which any nation ever felt for the loss of a ruler that it loved. So deeply had this pure, large-hearted man stamped the impress of his own nature upon this people—so completely was he identified with the honor and the interests of the country—so thoroughly had he earned

our love,—that his removal even by a peaceful Christian death would have occasioned such lamentation as has not been known here since the grave opened to receive our Washington. Where then can we find a parallel for the sorrow that throbs in the bosoms of all true Americans, and all lovers of America and friends of freedom, this day? Who can describe the indignation that mingles with the bitterness of our grief? The tears of a whole people are flowing freely for Abraham Lincoln; but while they gush out, hands are clenched and lips compressed in stern resolve—*for he was most foully murdered!*

Having nothing of the oppressor's spirit, he had no fear of the tyrant's fate. He always trusted himself freely, and without suspicion, among his fellow-citizens. He never condescended to take steps for self-preservation. He did not resort even to the ordinary precautions which prudence would suggest. No guard stood near to protect him from the intrusion of the curious, or to defend him from the stroke of the assassin. Too confident in the goodness of other men, he was always at the mercy of any bold or crafty villain. Like Abner, he died "as a fool dieth."—His hands were not bound, nor his feet put in fetters, but as a man falleth before wicked men, so fell he!

Were it not, then, for the cruel fate that thus befell him, our grief had been far less. Although in honor to the high office that he held, our Church would have appeared in this mournful drapery, and my own heart would have sorrowed deeply for his death, yet you should not have heard his name from my lips in this place, had he not fallen thus through treachery—had he not been cruelly slain for his fidelity to the oaths he had taken and the country that he loved. But why should I refrain when in such a manner a prince and a great man hath fallen in our Israel?

Were he *only* "a great man," or prominent public ser-

vant, the nation that has recently mourned losses like those of a Douglass, a Dallas, or an Everett, would have borne his also without such marked and universal sorrow as this day witnesses. Were he only such a man, however noble in mind or character, the press might speak of him, but the pulpit would be silent. In this one, at least, which has never been desecrated by what is called "political preaching," by any display of party feeling, or harangues upon passing events, there would have been no mention of his name. But he was more than a great man: he was our PRINCE;—not by the accident of birth, not by any claim of inheritance, not by usurpation, but by our own free and deliberate choice! He was the elected ruler of this nation, the centre of its hopes, the representative of its majesty, and yet he was slain among us. Oh, surely then, if under such circumstances we were to hold our peace, the very stones would cry out.

Abel fell a victim to his brother's hate, on account of his excellence and the favor GOD had shown him, and for the same reason some reprobate successor of Cain, some foe to America and mankind, assassinated Mr. Lincoln. As the wretch could not destroy the nation, he did destroy its head; and when the cowardly shot was fired, and the unsuspecting patriot fell back in his blood, the malice and madness of rebellion had culminated—treason found a victim—and liberty a martyr!

> "Proud, proud be his name in his country's story;
> He fell not in battle, yet died for her glory!—
> Then weep for the loss of the mighty departed,
> But cherish the fame of the good and true-hearted.
> In victory calm—in danger undaunted,—
> His was the soul that America wanted:
> Bright, then, o'er his tomb, as her tearful eye flashes,
> Be his name in her heart, in her bosom his ashes!"

Brethren, our country has now witnessed the greatest crime of modern ages, and suffered the greatest loss that

ever the Most High permitted to befall a nation in its time of need and perplexity. Such a crime should never be forgotten; such a calamity should never be wasted. Let the terrible fact, and all connected with it, burn into our heart and mind, and teach us their solemn lesson. Let us cherish the dreadful memory of these days, and fear ever to lose the feelings that now possess us; for if we ever prove unmindful of the good ruler we have lost, we shall never deserve another. Farewell to honor and to fame, if we ever come to regard with indifference the noble character and life of Abraham Lincoln, or to think unmoved of the dastardly act by which he was taken away in the midst of his days.

That act was not committed by a *man*. A being of true human constitution could never thus have singled out as a victim one who was beyond reproach, and who never injured him or his: one who occupied the highest office in the State, and in a season of great difficulty and danger was discharging its duties in a spirit of equity and gentleness. No *man* could have stolen behind him in the hour of relaxation, and in the presence of his wife and friends, shot him like a dog! Tell me not that the doer of this deed had the form and semblance of a human being.—These he might have; but surely nothing more. If ever he possessed a heart, it had long since perished out of him. If ever he had a conscience, it had been utterly cast away, or seared not merely as with a hot iron, but with the fire of hell. He was simply the emissary of the devil. Another such demon in human shape was at the same time doing his best to cut the throat of a venerable man, even in his sick bed, around which his children were tenderly watching. Neither age, nor helplessness, nor filial devotion, could restrain him.—He almost murdered two sons who rushed unarmed to defend their father. But these are not the only samples of the demon brood we have had of late. Others having violated a flag of

truce sent in only that by means of it they might put their opponents off their guard, and so gain advantage, when their foul scheme had succeeded, shot down in cold blood the soldiers who surrendered to them, at Plymouth and Fort Pillow. And others, serving in the same bad cause, ruthlessly tortured and murdered our poor prisoners in Belle Isle, Andersonville and the Libby. Numberless and indescribable have been the crimes performed by them: So gross and so many have they been, that long ago the public learned to regard them in their true light, as wehr-wolves or fiends incarnate, and required that any of them or their abettors that fell into our hands should be treated in accordance with their own usages. Retaliation was demanded;—it was promised, but never employed. Why? Because some one who had the power to affect the policy of the country said—"Let it not be resorted to; they indeed deserve all possible severity, but why should we harden our hearts and bring this sin upon our souls because they do it?" One man thus stood against the expressed will of the whole public, and held back the hand that would have exacted "an eye for an eye, and a tooth for a tooth,"—and *that was the very man for whom they prepared the pistol and the dagger!*

Shall we regret now that he did not strike terror to their hearts, by authorizing retribution?—Shall we regret that he was not more like other men—that he did not sanction what all desired? No! So far as he is concerned, it is better that not even the shadow of a reproach should rest upon his fair fame; better far is it that no man, woman, or child, can ever point to the grave of the slaughtered President and say—"there lies one who treated me with injustice, or with cruelty!" In spite of every influence, he clung to his own purpose, and so took with him to the tomb a character such as few, if any, among rulers or public men, have been able to sustain. So noble, so spotless is it, that I hesitate not to

say that, next to George Washington, his will be the purest and noblest record in the annals of this land; and I question whether any other name in all the range of profane history will take precedence of his.

Behold, then, brethren, the value of goodness! see the excellence of moral power! This it was that gave to the illustrious man we now mourn his position and his influence. In intellect, though a strong man, President Lincoln was not remarkable. His ability alone would never have gained for him the confidence and love of the people. His death is a most terrible calamity, not because men of equal mind cannot be found to take his place and carry on his work, (for doubtless there are scores of persons who are his peers in this particular,) but because he was good as well as able; because integrity and kindness of feeling ruled all his actions. His greatness lay in this union of strength and gentleness. This it was that fitted him so preëminently to play his part during these years of difficulty. In our coünsels we needed heart as well as brain, and judgment as well as genius. Our haste and coldness required to be checked by some strong, calm, prudent spirit; the fierceness of our indignation required some admixture of forbearance and charity. And because he supplied what was thus deficient, and guided us in the better way by his rule and his example, he was invaluable to us. To the patience and kindness of his nature, to his hopeful and courageous heart, and to the unswerving fidelity with which he adhered to principle and performed what he believed to be his duty, we owe the present prosperous condition of our affairs.

The one thing that marred the proportion and completeness of his moral constitution was a lack of sternness. His clemency was the characteristic for which in time to come men will admire him most; it was that which preserved us from debasing ourselves by imitating the cruel policy of our traitorous enemies, and that which should

certainly have given him a claim upon their respect and gratitude, if indeed they were capable of entertaining any such feelings. He was too kind to be severe. And though for his sake (and even for our own) we would not now wish that he had been different, yet we confess to having often felt that in his regard to mercy he was not sufficiently mindful of justice. But doubtless for the time past that which he chose, either instinctively or by design, was the best and wisest course. And possibly for the future, a somewhat bolder policy will be best—one at least under which gross and obstinate offenders will be promptly dealt with; and this may be the reason why GOD hath permitted him to perish.

Inscrutable indeed are the ways of Providence—and this dispensation is specially mysterious;—yet, brethren, we have consolation in the thought, that the LORD GOD omnipotent reigneth—that He will give triumph to truth and right, and that though He may remove the agents *we* think most necessary, His work will never stop until all His wise and merciful purposes have been accomplished. A skilful diplomatist who had extensive experience of public affairs in troublous times, once said, "No man is necessary to the State." If it seemed so to a godless statesman, from his reading of history and observation of contemporary events, should it not seem so to us who know that there is a God judging right: ONE who directs or overrules all things in accordance with HIS own most holy will. This consideration teaches us that not even President Lincoln was necessary to us now. GOD gave him to us when our need was greatest; and now that he has been permitted to fall, we may feel assured that his mission was fulfilled.

And was it not a wondrous work that he undertook—a work gigantic in its extent, bewildering in the number and intricacy of the questions it raised and the interests it involved, and grand in the end that seemed attainable?

And this work has been done!—much of it so completely finished that we are astonished as we reflect upon the changes we have witnessed: and all of it so nearly perfected that we see light in every part of the political horizon; and that not a fitful gleam, but the steadily increasing light of dawn, that will usher in the welcome day of peace and prosperity again. The United States of 1865 are not merely four years, but a century, in advance of their position in 1861. And this we owe, under GOD, to the wisdom, the goodness, and the courage of the man we mourn to-day.

To achieve this grand result the country has freely poured forth its blood and treasure; but let us not forget that we might have had all the outlay without any of the gain—without even a particle of progress. If our way to peace lay through defeat or compromise, the cost would have been none the less; and then every red drop that stained the soil, and every pang endured, and every dollar spent, in this mighty struggle, would have been cast away for naught. But it is not so now. Terrible as the price has been, the country has paid it freely for the sake of the end. Treasure and life have been laid on the altar of freedom without stint; and now at the close has come the greatest sacrifice of all. But even it is not wasted! The life of the State is worth more than that of any individual, and he who falls in its service does not die in vain.

Neither the life nor the death of Abraham Lincoln has been wasted. He has done great things for America and mankind; he has performed services the importance and magnitude of which we are yet too near to comprehend; he has been the instrument by which a mightier work has been accomplished than we believe can ever again fall to the lot of man. He had received the highest honor this Republic could bestow; and earth could give no higher. He had received it twice—because having been tried, he was found faithful. He had infused into the management

of our public affairs and the language of official documents a more constant and devout acknowledgment of GOD than any of his predecessors; he had shown to our public men an example of magnanimity and propriety, of honesty that could not be shaken, of simple greatness that prosperity could not spoil. He had gained the affection and gratitude of his fellow-countrymen, and the respect of the best men everywhere. By the constraining power of goodness he was fast winning over such of our enemies as were worth the winning—and even they must feel that they have committed a blunder as well as a crime—for in our murdered President they have lost their best friend. Over his coffin the tears of a whole people will flow unchecked, and many a one to-day thinking of his worth and of the villanous act by which he was so cruelly cut off, will say, "Oh that our desires could restore, or our loving thoughts could help him! oh that it were not too late to pray for his peace and welfare! oh that from our full hearts we still might say—GOD bless him!" Ah brethren, the man whom a nation has thus honored, and over whom it thus weeps, has not lived nor died in vain.

"'Twere sweet unto the grave to go,
If one were sure to be buried so!"

On the first Good Friday the dying Saviour of mankind prayed for his very murderers, saying, "Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do!"—and that our murdered President had imbibed some of the same merciful spirit, we are well assured. We learn from the best authority, that at the last consultation he held with the Lieutenant-General commanding our armies, Mr. Lincoln spoke in the kindest and most considerate manner of the rebel general, Lee, and some of his associates, and avowed his intention to afford to the misguided and coerced people of the south every possible facility for returning to

their allegiance, in peace. And even while such a purpose was being avowed, the blood-thirsty traitor was preparing the weapons to take away his life!

And does it not throw a certain mysterious solemnity over his martyrdom, to think that it took place on the anniversary of the death of CHRIST? We shrink from even appearing to institute any parallel; but the day cannot be altered now, and men will naturally think of the two unequalled crimes by which it has been distinguished. Christians in this land will henceforth regard the solemn fast as possessing additional cause for humiliation and sorrow; while those who are not Christians will long remember the GOOD FRIDAY of 1865, as the blackest day in all our history.

How deep is the disgrace (I had almost said the *curse*), that must rest upon the land where such a deed could be perpetrated! What sinks of vice must it contain; what hardening systems it must tolerate; what contempt for law, for right, for honor or for life, must there be where such a crime could be deliberately planned—and then without shame carried out according to the programme, and that in the face of thousands! We had supposed such things were done now only among half civilized races. We had supposed that the murder of rulers, common enough in the old heathen empires and the dark ages, would never be known again. We believed, at least, that it never would be known here. But it would seem as if the vices of decaying nations are flourishing in the very youth of this. Contempt of parental and other authority, which is the sure precursor of lawlessness and open crime, is far too common. The unbridled will, the intemperance, the strange tiger-like combination of ferocious natures with smooth exterior or gentle habits, and the equally strange mixture of recklessness with unmanly cowardice which were found in the Neros, the Caligulas, and the Catalines, of former times, and in the Nena Sahibs

of the present, are found here even in this land—and to-day we weep for the evil they have wrought.

Brethren, will not GOD visit for these things?—will he not take vengeance upon a nation which tolerates such characters or the practices that form them? Let us humble ourselves under His hand;—let us ask Him to correct whatever is amiss; and let us strive, under His blessing, to improve our ways, especially to cast out this spirit of self-will and lawless violence. Let us for *all* our sins seek the pardon of our Heavenly Father, and try for the time to come to walk in righteousness and peace as becometh those who are named by the name of Christ.

And hard as it is to repress the fierceness of our anger, when such an atrocity is committed upon one whose exalted position and character as the representative of this great Republic, and whose personal merit should have protected him from the hands of even the most callous criminals, yet let us not forget that *vengeance is not justice.* The latter we may most earnestly desire; but the the former we can never wish or contemplate without sin. We certainly ought not now to persist in the course of leniency which has been so terribly abused; but it were a thousand fold better to err on this side than on the other. "Man most resembles GOD when mercy tempers justice."

To the two assassins and their immediate accomplices no pity can be shown, without rendering the repetition of such offences likely.—To show pity to them would be cruelty to all others.—It would be a gross wrong to spare wretches who thus trample upon forbearance, and violate every law both sacred and profane. But let us be careful how far we carry our judgment, and with what spirit we press it. Let us not take it for granted that the rebel chiefs are implicated in the dreadful crime.—We should rather hope that, base and guilty as they are, they themselves will condemn it. Let us regard it as the work of

still viler persons carrying out their principles, rather than of agents directly employed or sanctioned by them. At all events, let us condemn no one without the clearest proof. Let us be willing to give to all who are supposed to be implicated the benefit of every doubt: so that the disgrace and punishment of this horrible sin may never be laid upon an innocent person. Let us think how he who has fallen would have judged and acted; or, better still, let us remember that the Lord Jesus Christ directed the first offer of salvation to be made to those very men who put Him to death. Here to-day, at His own board, He presents to us the pledges of His pardon and favor, though we have rebelled against Him, and our sins caused His murder. As we draw near, then, to His table, let us try to chasten our feelings, and to dismiss all malice, hatred and uncharitableness, as inconsistent with our profession, and with the mind that was in Christ Jesus. And let us pray that God will now undertake for us and bless the country He has thus bereaved—that He will give wisdom and grace to him who is now our ruler, and to all his advisers—that He will endow our whole people with patience and firmness—and that He will cause discord and bloodshed to cease in our borders, and establish us once more as a nation, one and indivisible in affection and loyalty, as well as in constitution.

And if the assassination of Mr. Lincoln shall tend to this result—if it shall disgust such of the disaffected in the south as are not wholly given over to iniquity—if it shall unite all northern citizens in one common purpose, and in the blessed bond of brotherhood—if it can shame the uncharitable spirit and the scurrilous tongue of the partizan,—then so sweet will be the fruit of this bitter blossom, that all men will recognize the wisdom of God in permitting Satan thus to injure his own cause. The blood of the martyrs has ever proved to be the seed of the Church: So, we trust and pray that the blood now

spilled for this country, may be the seed for a glorious harvest of free, honorable, upright, God-fearing men, like him we mourn to-day.

And oh, may God comfort the widow in her sore affliction, and prove indeed a Father to the fatherless. May He give them the hearts of the people, so that the tribute of our grateful love may lessen their burden of sorrow and of care. May He support them with the consolations of the gospel of Christ, and fit them for meeting again, in a better and eternal home, with him whom they have loved and lost.

And may He teach us so to number our days, that we may apply our hearts unto wisdom. May He incite us to a noble use of life. May He teach us to be upright and faithful. May He enable us so to serve our generation, that mankind shall be benefitted by our work, and shall bewail our loss. Above all, may He prepare us for the great change that is inevitable and which may come upon us at any moment. May He enable us so to serve Him, that we shall always have the sense of His presence and favor, and thus be ready to meet the awful summons, even though it should come when least expected, as it did upon the prince and the great man that hath fallen among us!

PRAYER.

Oh most mighty GOD, terrible in thy judgments and wonderful in thy doings toward the children of men, who in thy wise providence didst suffer the life of thy servant the late Chief Magistrate of this Nation to be taken away by the hands of a cruel and bloody assassin, we thy sinful creatures do bow in resignation to thy will, and humbly confess that the wickedness of this people did most justly deserve thine anger. But, oh Lord, after this thy judgment upon us, visit us not in wrath: Lay not the guilt of this innocent blood to our charge; let it not be required of us or of our posterity. Be merciful unto us, oh Lord, be merciful unto thy people whom thou hast redeemed, and be not angry with us for ever; but pardon and bless us, as thou hast done in the past, and cause us to walk before thee in righteousness and truth, for thy mercy's sake, through Jesus Christ our Lord. *Amen.*

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